

PRINCESS OF SUNFLOWER ALLEY

Drawings by G. E. Wolfe

By HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

FEW old homes in the city of the far South to which this record relates had escaped the ruthless fingers of change. The lots, generally an acre or two in extent and running back to cross alleys, were subdivided, the stables sacrificed, gardens reduced, and the servants' houses moved back to the alleys for rental. The residences, as space became more valuable and taxes mounted, found themselves elbowed by garish neighbors, products of a new school of architecture, working for higher temperature in winter and the concentration of conveniences. Whatever may be said in favor of the old Southern house as a dwelling place, it cannot be denied that it was of the cold-storage type, and its conveniences limited, if measured by modern standards. The departing servants betrayed its defects.

But one house, a fine example of the so-called Georgian architecture, did not share in the humiliation of its class. The broad, deep lot held its magnolias, cape jessamines, roses, spiraeas, and boxwood hedges through all the destroying years, shielding them from the intruder with Moorish fence of iron cast in harmony with the angles of slope and terrace.

Beyond this fence were to be seen brokenly through the shrubbery white walls, Ionic columns, and bay wings that extended right and left from the rear. Within the walls a stately ballroom connected these wings. There were crystal chandeliers in all the downstairs rooms (downstairs meaning the ground floor in Southern phraseology), and marble mantels from Italy throughout; those of the ballroom huge twins, elaborate with nymph, wreath, and column. The four great square rooms of the lower floor opened into one another and the broad hall and ballroom by massive doors of carved mahogany; and there was a noble stairway with finely carved handrail.

The house seemed to have been planned for entertainment, and indeed, in the golden era, which to all old Southerners means the glorious antebellum period when Tallahassee was the social center of the Southeast, it was famed for hospitality.

The preservation of this old home was due wholly to a clause in a testator's will, which set up a life interest with remainder to possible descendants in the next generation. Otherwise it would have shared the fate of its neighbors. General Fanneau, who held the life interest for himself and little sister, was the occupant throughout; but the sister had died early. She was followed by the General's only child, a son, who left an infant daughter; and in 1912 this daughter, an orphan, was eighteen years old. Thus it was that the title to the old home had never become fixed, and that together with the land and all appurtenances, including leaky roof, paneless windows, paintless shutters, and the one room that winked feebly into the night year by year, it dragged out a cheerless existence.

But the day came in which the now aged General, who had stormed over his misfortunes on every tax return day, joyed in the circumstance that had held the place intact; for he was a very proud old man and of the generation whose last stand is behind the walls that have sheltered their idols. Great bodies of land in Texas (all old families down South seemed to have owned Texas lands), and pine barrens in Georgia, once of no value, suddenly became popular with capitalists, and brought him several hundreds of thousands of long needed dollars. A second miracle was that he, all Southerner, invested them safely and profitably.

Then Miriam Fanneau, schooled and traveled and eighteen, came back, and the house, with renewed and added glories, opened to receive her.

MIRIAM FANNEAU'S delayed debut was a social event, the mere preparations for which shook the fashionable end of the city to the roots of its family trees

and did violence to the branches. The night itself found the old house, white without as a hill of drifted snow, blazing with light from roof to foundation within, and its chandeliers huge bouquets of prismatic colors. Gallant young men, queenly young women, thronged rooms that most of them viewed for the first time. And never, even in the heyday of its youth and splendor, had the old house held such gowns. If from nook and recess wraiths of ancient dames could have glided to view the scene,—and the gowns,—beyond doubt their pallor would have paled. The ballroom, with its silent rush of silken hose and slipper and forms swaying to the rhythms of tango and hesitation, would have brought the shudders. But then every generation pales and shudders over its successor.

It was this scene that General Fanneau thoughtfully

negro of gigantic frame and erect bearing, his own hair white, who presented a silver tray and brimming punch glass. A tapping on the nearest table, and the voice of Colonel Willoughby, late, but not lately, of the Confederate cavalry, drew his attention.

"We are about to propose a toast, General," the Colonel was saying.

"Proceed, Colonel."

The group rose, glasses in hand.

The Colonel lifted his. "Miriam Fanneau—God bless her!"

The General bowed his head quickly, as to a wind too strong. A moment his eyes were closed. His mother, his sister, his grandmother,—Miriam Fanneau! Presently he lifted his glass and smiled. "Thank you, Colonel, and you, Gentlemen!" He trusted his voice no further.

A SUDDEN exclamation from Willoughby drew the attention of the group from his friend. Willoughby was staring down the ballroom, from which all figures save one had retreated to the walls. Those around him, whose gaze followed his, carried away that night a picture never to fade from memory. Miriam Fanneau had drawn about her slender waist a crimson sash, thrust a crimson rose into her hair, and was dancing alone an Argentine tango. As she made her way up the room, her body swaying and curving, her little feet pointing the rhythm, her arching arms alternating overhead, Spanish-wise, a murmur of delight followed her. She was a vivid embodiment of change and grace, all of the Hogarth beauty lines moving across the vision.

"An autumn leaf in a little whirlwind!" whispered a voice behind Willoughby.

Majors, Colonels, Judges, Captains,—they were all there, veterans of many a gallant quip in the days of romance when life was young,—caught up the challenge. One by one they laid hand on the flowing mane of Pegasus:

"A rose petal in a purring brook!"

"Moonbeam under an aspen!"

"A circling swallow in a sunset sky!"



"For a moment his eyes were closed,—his mother, his sister, Miriam Fanneau!"

surveyed from the vantage point of a great armchair in the cardroom, to which the grayheads had one by one withdrawn. He had moved with military dignity through the throng, with a smile into bright eyes that challenged his, with hand on brown head and golden, shedding reminiscences of grandmothers and great-grandmothers, checking names against his stored up memories, and framing phrase and fable too, perhaps, for delighted ears. A vision from an age long gone he had seemed to many. And so he was, one of the few survivors of a civilization that was lovable in its devotion to high ideals of womanhood. Gallant warrior, boastless veteran of a hundred battlefields, his finest pride lay not in those scenes of bloodshed, but in the fact that his father had helped to found and he to sustain woman's first chartered college.

The reverie of the General was disturbed by an old

"Song of the mockingbird translated into motion!"

"A reincarnation!" murmured Willoughby.

"Ah! but an older one than you dream, Willoughby," said the General. "My mother's mother was Spanish creole, and hers Portuguese. And somewhere beyond was—the Jew! Hence the Miriam. Beauty is immortal, and that dance may be older than Jerusalem."

Round and round went Miriam, her arms now extended, her smiling face uplifted. It was the abandonment of innocence and childhood. Then, the signal a glance, another figure moved out, and falling into the rhythm approached her. Now it was fragile grace blending with graceful vigor; rhythm melting into rhythm, curve into curve; advance and retreat; the whirl under arched hand; enticement, evasion, and pursuit.

It all ended with a crash of music, and Miriam, erect and with edge of hand against her flushed brow, stood

in the doorway facing the General, at salute. The gray gallants greeted her with mighty applause. The General acknowledged the salute gravely.

AT this moment came Tom, who had arrived again with the tray and was pressing forward oblivious to all but what he understood as the main business of the hour. The eyes of the young woman, almost insolent in their mastery, moved from the tray to the face of her distinguished ancestor. Her lips were a straight line.

"How many—up to now, General?"

Silence, eloquent in its completeness.

"How many, Tom? Attention, Tom!"

Tom hastily placed the tray on the table, his toes met and heels parted, and his great, white-palmed hand rose to the salute. "Two, Little Miss," he said, his eyes on the chandelier.

The General's hand rested on him for a moment, then blinked.

"Remember, General, the night is young yet and the limit three!"

"I shall remember," said the General, suppressing a smile.

"Gentlemen, I leave him in your good hands!" She lifted one of her own again in salute.

The veterans responded punctiliously. A laugh rang out, and the next instant she was off with a partner in the fascinating hesitation waltz, her little hand fluttering back a message.

The General's dimming eyes held her with difficulty. "Rainbow in a mist!" he said, but not aloud, and smiled over his folly. Then into his reverie came other music, and another form in strange garb and fashion. It was now Miriam the little sister who floated by on strains of a dreamy waltz; Miriam whose little life went out in the sunrise, leaving for his feet the long path down to the twilight. How long it seemed! Her "coming out party" had been in the spring also. April, it was, April the twenty-second, and the year 1863. And now it was 1913, and the month April again, April the— He turned slowly to his friend:

"Willoughby, a strange thing has happened!"

"Ah! You have seen it too,—Miriam—the resemblance! Your little sister has been in my mind all the evening." Willoughby had been a disappointed man in the train of the other Miriam, and believed he was seeking death when he went to battle.

"Yes, I know; but the wonder of it all is that without design this ball has fallen on the anniversary of my sister's debut,—fifty years ago, the last ball this house has known."

Willoughby stared and flushed. "Eighteen sixty-three—1913! And this is April the twenty-second!" His glance swept the circle of faces now turned toward them with interest. "And of all that company you and I only are left!"

THE silence was broken by the General. "We were dancing the minuet—you remember?"

"Yes. Miriam was my partner."

"I know. She was on my right. Some of you, my friends," he said, looking to the others, "have probably heard the story of the tragedy. I stood just within the ballroom, by the door, facing down the room. Willoughby was a dashing young Lieutenant then—not that he doesn't wear his years gracefully still. He was on the right with my little sister. Did I mention that it was on the occasion of her debut? Just fifty years ago tonight. The dance was a minuet,—*menuet de la cour!* I was here convalescing from a wound, and in full uniform, as were all the other officers, except that most of them had put aside their swords to dance.

"The evening wore along, and the last of the Fanneau wines were being opened, Tom attending to that pleasing yet melancholy ceremony just inside this room, and we were in the midst of the minuet, when suddenly we heard a tremendous clatter out in the street, followed by a single shot and the appearance of my orderly with a squad of Federal cavalry at his heels. It was a daring raid through our lines, my capture being the object, and under the command of a brilliant young officer whom I had the honor to meet after the war. He apologized then for his intrusion that night, and then apologized for the lateness of the apology. It was evident that he had the instincts of a gentleman and Southern connections. He had an aunt living in Virginia, I think he told me. He was to have been given a captaincy had he succeeded in bringing me off. Naturally I expressed my sympathy. Only the presence of mind and the initiative of one man kept him from earning promotion,—the last man that any of you would suspect."

"The scene was as follows: I was just inside the ballroom, as stated, with Miriam on my right. Someone had wrecked her dress badly, and Rachel her nurse, Tom's sister, by the way, had rushed in to repair it. The sudden attack of the enemy momentarily stunned us all; for we did not know there was a Yankee within a hundred miles of us. But, although taken by surprise, the officers who wore swords drew them, and in an instant the room rang with the clash of steel against steel.

"The path to my position was undefended, and, recog-

nizing my uniform, the Lieutenant and three or four of his men rushed at me. At that moment every light went out, and I found myself seized from behind, lifted clear of the floor, and in spite of my struggles carried through this room and the rear door over there into the shrubbery. It was all incredibly quick. I did not know, until Tom's voice reassured me, that I had been rescued and not abducted. In two minutes more we had reached the stable and had a saddle on a horse, and I was riding for help.

"When I returned with a hastily gathered squad of furlough and convalescents, the raiders, realizing that their object had failed, and fearing capture, had departed in almost a

"Like an autumn leaf on the wind."

panic. We never succeeded in capturing any of them; but then they didn't get any of us either. For our officers were more or less familiar with the ways, and under cover of that blessed darkness escaped into the yard.

I ENTERED among a lot of hysterical people and found myself confronted by a mystery that has never been solved. On the floor, in front of my sister's position in the dance, lay a dead Federal soldier. It had been a *menuet de la cour* for him; for he had been stabbed to the heart. His hand as he lay there still clutched a little necklace my sister had worn during the dance; but the pendant, a great, rich, blood-ruby, had disappeared. It has never been heard of since.

"We regretted deeply the loss of the gem; not because of its intrinsic value, though that reached far up into the thousands. My Spanish grandfather was the descendant of an officer in Pizarro's army who brought it from Peru. It had belonged to one of the Incas, as the story goes, and was wrapped up in superstitions, like most noted gems. We are no more superstitious than the average Southerner; but we could not forget that one of these legends was that the gem was laid in the smile of the Inca's ruby. There couldn't be very much happiness for any of us since we lost it."

"An examination of the features of the dead man revealed that he was not of a high type,—one of the baser element found in all armies, and doubtless recruited from the criminal class of some large city. The quickness with which he spotted the gem and acted bespoke the professional sneak thief. The young officer I referred to confirmed me in this opinion. I had mentioned the loss with the secret hope that, when his hand snatched the ruby, he might have heard talk of it in camp. But he had not. The gem was gone for all time, and with it the name of the man who struck that timely blow. None of our officers had seen a stabbing blow; indeed none of them, Willoughby excepted, was near enough. And the other cavalrymen were behind. Besides, the wound was clearly that of a poniard, and made by a descending blow. None of us of course carried such a weapon; nor would the responsible party have failed to acknowledge the act in the circumstances; quite the contrary, I should imagine.

"Not a member of our party received a scratch,

except a few from unexpected rosebushes," said Willoughby, smiling. "I was near Miriam and in the act of drawing my sword when the soldier seized her neck-lace, and heard her cry out. I think the chain did not break easily and was cutting into her neck. But the sword came free just in time to parry a saber cut at my bare head—and then came total darkness. I felt around and called for Miriam; but she was then gone, whisked away by the woman who was mending her dress. Then I went out through this room to avoid capture. I came back after the bugle sounded the retreat and got the lights on again, with Tom's assistance."

"Dramatic scene, Gentlemen, when the lights were on again! We found Miriam in the nurse's house out in the yard. The door was locked. The saddest result of the incident was not the death of the poor devil in the ballroom. The real tragedy was the effect on Rachel the nurse. Strong and resourceful when Miriam was in

danger, she collapsed when all was over, and never after recovered her mental balance. The past had become a blank, and though she gradually grew into full memory of those around her and the mind picked up the daily routine again, the cloud has never lifted. She has gone on all these years indulged and humored, but doing faithfully what was required of her."

THE General suspended as Tom entered again with the glasses. While the others were draining theirs he drew near to his master.

"It's the third, General," he said with perfect gravity.

The eyes of the two met, and little smiles, strangely alike in their evident affection, flickered on the faces, white and black.

"A very remarkable man, Gentlemen," continued the General, his servitor gone. "He has not only served me faithfully a lifetime, but has cared for his unfortunate sister throughout. They still have the little house they entered when my father built this one, sometime in the '40's. I have removed it for their convenience to the alley. The first time I ever saw Tom and his sister was when

I was a very little boy and we lived on the coast. They had arrived with the last cargo of slaves that came to this country.

"There was a good deal of talk about these children among the negroes. They were said to have been the children of an African chief who was killed in their capture; a King, the negroes called him. Tom in later years confirmed the fate of his father, and remembered that everybody used to 'mind him,' as he put it. My father, to gratify me and unwilling to separate the children, bought them both. Throughout their lives other negroes have conceded them superiority of some kind, and Rachel, from hearing herself jestingly called 'Princess,' long ago adopted the title as her birthright. Now all the negroes good naturedly concede the rank. The sunflowers that nod over the fences along the alley supplied the rest of her title, and she is now 'The Princess of Sunflower Alley.' She certainly dresses the part!" added the speaker with a smile. "Miriam has recently endowed her with a cartload of ancient plunder from the upstairs chests, and now she sits all the day through receiving the homage of her subjects. This homage isn't all make-believe, either. Wherever you find a negro you find superstition and respect for the mysterious. And Rachel's appearance is startling."

THERE is no saying how far awakened memories and the interest of his audience would have led the old gentleman had not the coincidence of the debuts and the interruption of the first already flashed round the room. There had been a sudden huddling of fairy forms into groups, feminine screams of delight, and a proposition enthusiastically applauded. Now came a tumultuous charge on the cardroom. Shipped feet and glowing faces surrounded the General. All left visible was the whiteness of his head. The "wandering summer of the sea" had encompassed Albion!

"Is it true," cried Miriam, forgetting the salute, "that this is the night on which the Yankees broke up little Aunt's party? Please, please, say it is!"

"This night, but fifty years ago."

The statement was greeted by a chorus of screams. "Yes," laughed the General, "that's just what the ladies said at the time."

But Miriam was dragging him from the chair—or

trying desperately. "Come, my General! Come, everybody! Can't you see we've just got to finish that minuet? Gentlemen—Gentlemen of the Old Guard that never dies or surrenders, get you partners! The Minuet! The Minuet!"

"*De la cœur!*" supplied the General. "Partners and chapeaux! We finish tonight the dance begun fifty years ago!" Then to Miriam, "But can these musicians play the minuet?"

"Little Aunty's music book!" she cried, and rushed away to the library.

She came back with an ancient volume. The musicians smiled over it and nodded among themselves,—

flute, bass viol, violin, and harp. Yes, they could play the *menuet de la cœur!*

"Now, General! Now, Gentlemen! Come, my General!"

"But—your partner—"

"Allow me, Miss Miriam," said Colonel Willoughby, with his courtly bow, taking her hand and placing it on his sleeve. "You were dancing with me, you remember, when we were so rudely interrupted—while ago!"

Miriam laughed her delight. "Why certainly! *Allons, mes enfants!* Find you partners! Let me, I intrust you to my General! Be careful with him: he is timid and may flee you for the shrubbery. Come, Colonel! The naughty soldiers are gone! On with the dance—

let joy be unconfined—and—and all the rest of it!"

And so the strains of the minuet, the quaint, almost grave melody, heard there for the first time by the young generation, filled the long room. The old men with stately courtesy, lifting high the little hands in theirs, led their partners through the figures and bowed low with hats pressed to hearts. And the young men, perceiving that it was a species of onestep tango to slow music, mastered the scheme of it all and acquitted themselves like veterans of the sword and doublet.

But the minuet was never to be finished. The strains of the famous air floated farther than the ballroom. It

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AND MARY MARRIED

Drawings by John R. Neill

By SEUMAS MacMANUS

BUT if she did, 'twas Terry O'Hara was to thank for it.—Terry O'Hara, the roylest vagabond that Ireland ever was guilty of.—Terry, whose heart was always as light as a lark and as high as the Himalay Mountains, for all he was as poor as the sheep in springtime, him owning as much land as stuck to his brogans, and as much money as carried him to the morrow.

At the bottom of her distress Mary Lonergan was, when Terry, driven by God's goodness,—though the rapscallion was mostly driven by the devil,—landed at the Battery, brisk and bright from the green hills of old Ireland. And it was in Mrs. O'Grady's on Greenwich street that he learnt the sorry quandary poor Mary Lonergan was in.

When Terry, followin' his nose and the directions of a policeman from home, walked into Bridget O'Grady's, the creature, in her consternation, smashed into smitherens the bottle of coffee she had just ready for her man Danny's lunch, who, with his little pony (the household's support), was cleaning out a cellar on Bethune street.

"Under the blue roof o' Heaven this day!" Bridget said. "If Kitty O'Hara's son, Terry from Donegal, hasn't yet met the hangman's hands, this is him—or his ghost!"

"It's him, Mrs. O'Grady," Terry said, settling himself in the aisy chair, that the widow had got a dead bargain from Nellie Moran when she broke up her boardin' house on Houston street to go livin' out again. "It's him, Mrs. O'Grady, and mortal obliged to you for the bokay—and come to Amerikay because he heard you had no hangman here."

"Well! Well! Well! Well!" says Mrs. O'Grady, wringin' Terry's two hands as if she'd draw them from the sockets. "When I knew you, the height of a cob-

bler's heelstick, before Ireland left me eyes fifteen years ago, you were as full of tricks as an egg's full o' meat—and the whole world and half o' Donegal said you'd never have the good luck to die by drownin'. The cockles o' me heart it 'ud warm to see even a sparrow from home, let alone the child of Kitty O'Hara. You'll not budge from the seat you're in, Terry, till you've rehearsed me the history, up till yesterday, of every sinner I left behind me—with me heart—in Donegal!"

But Mrs. O'Grady, always the generous creature who gave better than she got, enlightened Terry, between his histories, of the well doin', and ill doin', of every creature from home who had bed or burrow on Manhattan or within a hundred mile of it—while her man Danny, as hungry as a hawk, was thraggin' the time in the Bethune street cellar, prayin' for his lunch and cursin' for it.

BUT, M-Mary Lonergan," says Terry, with a triffin' hesitation that Mrs. O'Grady never observed by reason her tongue rattled so fast, "how's she doin' since she come to Amerikay?" "Och! is it Mary?" says Mrs. O'Grady, drawin' a mortal long breath. "Don't mention that poor girl. She's a thragedy!"

"What do you mean?" says Terry in alarm. "Nobbut ask me what don't I mean," says Mrs. O'Grady. "When Mary's poor mother (say the Heavens this day be her bed!) closed her eyes here, in the land of the black stranger, where she'd come seekin' her share of her Philadelphia uncle's will, as you know—"

"I know," says Terry. "—and was put away in a lonely cowed graveyard three years ago, 'twas a sore blow enough to poor Mary, then far from her in Ireland—"

"I know it," says Terry, shaking his head. "I know it." "But," says Mrs. O'Grady, "that blow which Mary got over (as the young heart will), was light in comparison with what she's sufferin' now."

"A deadly disaise?" says Terry. "Deadly, yes," says Mrs. O'Grady. "She's in love." "Phew-w-w!" says Terry. And then he added, "That's a disaise that a man with a crossbar couldn't fend the girls from, when they take the notion."

"Ay, but," says Mrs. O'Grady, "tisn't bein' head over heels in love alone that's Mary's thragedy. But it is that though both Mary and the daicent boy she lost her heart to are fadin' on their feet for love of one another, they must separate without marryin'. Ochon! And it's die or break her heart poor Mary'll do."

And then she told Terry how when Mary's mother was drawin' her dyin' breath here three thousand miles from her child Mary, her one disthress was what would befall her chil', who was as young and innocent as she was winsome, and might spoil her life by makin' a foolish match.

But Mary's old aunt, Una Carrigan, who owned a little candy store on King street, offered that Mary wouldn't marry any man she, Mrs. Carrigan, didn't heartily approve of. And Mary's mother had said:

"How can you know to approve, and you three thousand miles from the girl?"

And Mrs. Carrigan had made her answer, "My promise before Heaven I give the dyin' woman in the land o' the stranger, that till I've stood on Ireland's green ground again, and seen for myself the man who wants to marry Mary, and found him worthy of her, my consent to her marryin' I'll never give."

"And as my dyin' request," says Mary's mother, "I put it on my child not to marry without your consent." And turnin' over on her side then, Mary's mother went joyfully to God.

AND that, Terry," says Mrs. O'Grady, when she got so far in her narration, "that was where the trouble begun. Mrs. Carrigan, havin' no child of her own, sent



"Remember, Danny," says Terry, "you're sworn to secrecy."

for Mary to come to Amerikay six years after, when she was gettin' to be a young woman—"

"And," says Terry half to himself, "one o' the purtiest daisies that ever looked to the skies from the green sod of Ireland."

"Brought her over here," Mrs. O'Grady went on, "to keep her company in the ould age which was now settlin' between her shoulders, and to heir her money. And Mary quickly got the name of the Irish Bluebell, on Greenwich street. And 'twould take you a midsummer's day to shake a stick at all the fine young fellows from fifty blocks on every side that were tumbling in love with her."

"I'll warrant ye!" says Terry.

"But," says Mrs. O'Grady, "though Mary was courteous and kind to every soul of them—"

"The same girl couldn't be otherwise if she tried," says Terry.

"—she gave little thought to any, till Martin O'Doran came along,—a clane fellow and clever as ever was born in or out of Ireland, and as handsome as he was clever, a young engineer with big things afore him. And desperately they both fell in love with each other, and in two months' time Mary had consented to marry Martin. And there was the thragedy!"

"Though there wasn't a boy in Amerikay, from the President's own son down, that Una Carrigan would put before Martin, she recollected her solemn promise to Mary's mother not to give her consent to Mary's marryin' till she'd be standin' on Ireland's green ground again. And though even Father McGinn tried hard to insense her that the words were now a dead letter by consequence of Mary bein' right here, and the man likewise, Mrs. Carrigan wouldn't get the better of her scruples. Martin, poor boy, 'ud gladly have taken the whole caravansary o' them to Ireland; but Una had got so frail with age that the doctor warned them she was in danger of turnin' up her toes the first pitchin' she'd get on the ocean. And Mary would sooner sacrifice all her happiness than risk the life of her poor aunt, or than marry without her aunt's consent. With the good care Mary gives her, Una may hold her grip on the skirts o' life for maybe twenty years yet. And poor Mary and Martin, with all the world and most o' Greenwich street pityin' them, must pine. And Mary's death I'm afraid it'll be. They both consider it easier to be apart, and consequently Martin's leavin' next week for a job in South America. A dance, more be-



"The Irish Bluebell on Greenwich street."

